But for thy world enioying but this land,
Is it not more then ſhame to ſhame it ſo?
Land-lord of England art thou now not, nor King,
Thy ſtate of law is bond-ſlaue to the law,
And thou.

King. Ah lunatick leane-witted foole,
Preſuming on an Agues priuiledge,
Dareſt with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheeke, chaſing the Royall blood
With furie from his natiue reſidence.
Now by my Seates right Royall maieſtie
Wert thou not Brother to great *Edwards* ſonne,
This tongue that runnes ſo roundly in thy head,
Should runne thy head from thy vnreuerent ſhoulders.

Gaunt. Oh ſpare me not my brother *Edwards* ſonne,
For that I was his Father *Edwards* ſonne:
That blood already, like the Pellican,
Haſt thou tapt and drunkenly carowſt:
My Brother *Gloceſter*, plaine well meaning ſoule,
Whom faire befall in heauen mongſt happy ſoules,
May be a preſident and witneſſe good,
That thou reſpect'ſt not ſpilling *Edwards* blood.
Ioyne with the preſent ſickneſſe that I haue,
And thy vnkindnes be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too long withered flower.
Liue in thy ſhame, but die not ſhame with thee:
Theſe words heereafter, thy tormentors be:
Conuay me to my bed, then to my graue,
Loue they to liue, that loue and honour haue.

Exit.

King. And let them die; that age and ſullens haue,
For both haſt thou, and both become the graue.

Yorke. I do beſeech your Maieſtie impute his words
To wayward ſicklineſſe and age in him:
He loues you on my life, and holds you deere,
As *Harry* Duke of Herford, were he heere.

King. Right, you ſay true; as *Herfords* loue, ſo his:
As theirs, ſo mine, and be as it is.

North.

North. My Liege, old *Gaunt*
King. What ſayes hee?
North. Nothing, all is ſayd;
His tongue is now a ſtringleſſe in
Words, life, and all, old *Lancaſt*
Yorke. Be *Yorke* the next that
Though Death be poore, it en
King. The ripeſt Fruite firſt
His time is ſpent, our pilgrimag
So much for that. Now for ou
We muſt ſupplant thoſe rough
Which liue like venome, where
But onely they, haue priuiledge
And for theſe great affayres do
Towards our aſſiſtance we do ſ
The Plate, Coyne, Reuenewes,
Whereof our Vncle *Gaunt* did
Yorke. How long ſhall I be p
Shall tender duetie make me ſu
Not Gloceſters death, nor He
Nor Gaunts rebukes, nor Engl
Nor the preuention of poore B
About his marriage, nor my ow
Haue euer made me ſower my p
Or bend one wrinckle on my S
I am the laſt of the noble *Ewar*
Of whom thy Father Prince of
In Warre, was neuer Lion rage
In Peace, was neuer gentle La
Then was that young and Prin
His face thou haſt, for euen ſo
Accompliſht with a number o
But when he frowned, it was ag
And not againſt his Friendes
Did winne what he did ſpend,
Which his triumphant Father
His hands were guiltie of no k
But bloody with the enemies o

D

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA